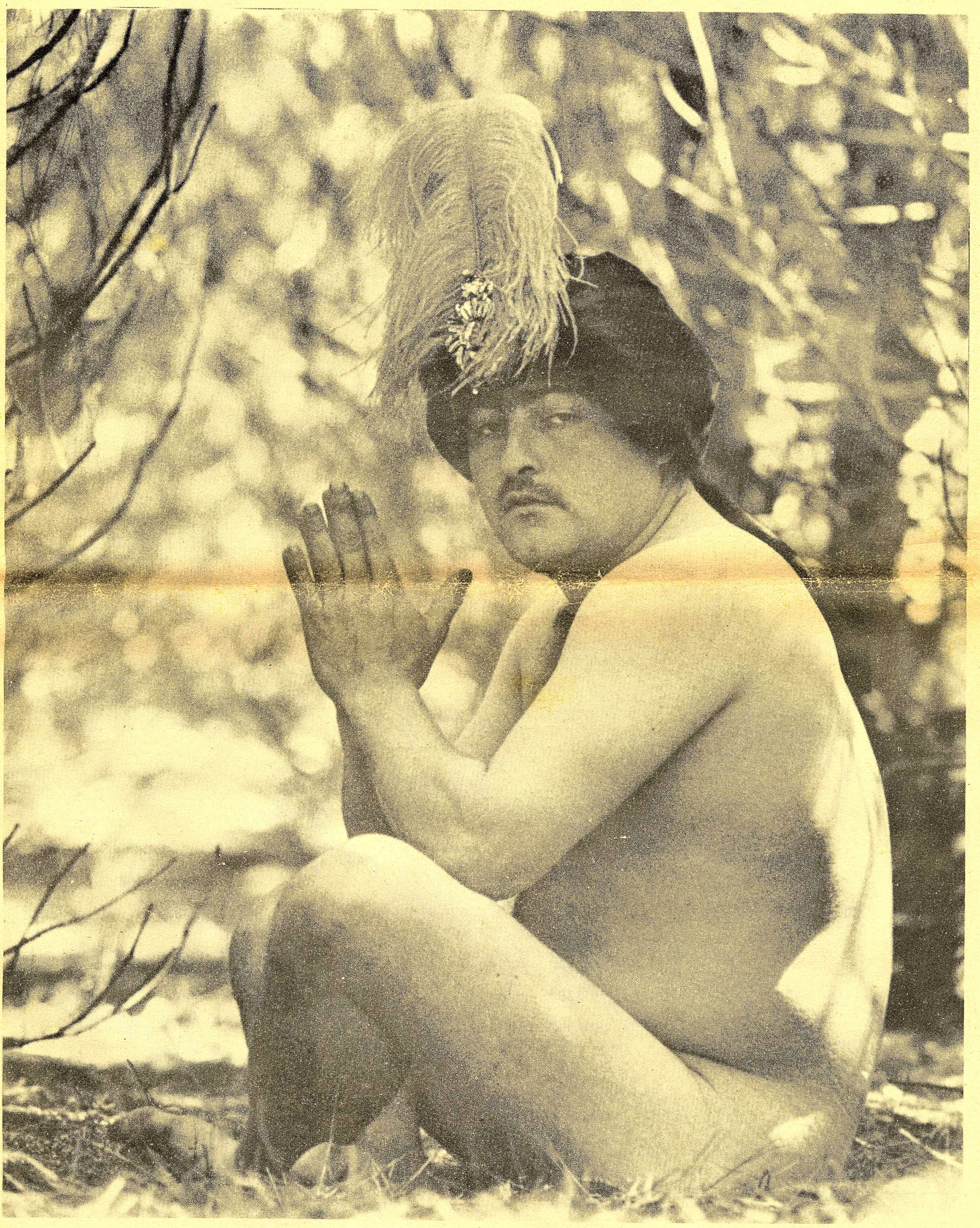
MOTHER of VOICES

issue no.12



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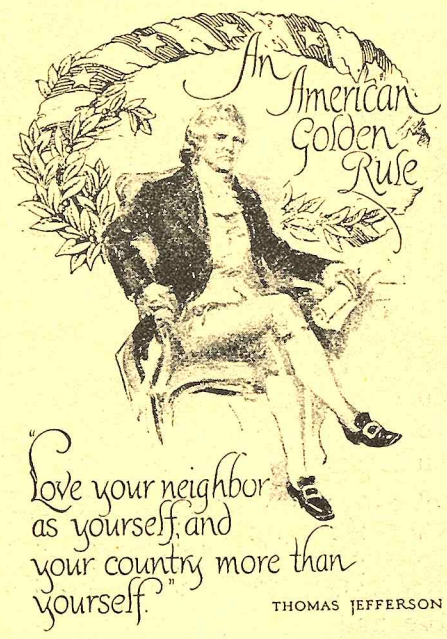

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MUTHERS

Just One Little Bite, Natasha
Fred Dicker, Bart Kaplan, Augie Cohen, Steve Krinsky

A Silver Bullet? What's That Mean?
June Abdelmaseh, Jane Roland, Melissa Chait, Harry Gold, Lisa de Grouchy, Ed Felien, Alan Lande, Chuck Volkmann, Bob Wilfong, Diane Fiske, Nick Chrisman

Why, He's the. . . He's The...It's. .
Stewart Dean, John Canney, Ed Stadlen, The Hahns, Larry Bruns, Terry Linstead, Joe Sheffler, Ted Taranto, Jeff Lister, Tently Bebenif, Ben Clark (slumlord), Roderick Freeman, Larry Dewey, Janet Clark, Jimmy Plato, and Jerry and all the Boys, and in N.Y., John Griffin

Our Special Cover Guest
Charles Everett Batty III

The Underground Press Syndicate is an informal association of publications in the "alternative press" and exists to facilitate communication between such papers and the public at large. Members of UPS are free to use each other's material. A current list of all UPS papers and advertising rate cards for individual papers are available by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to UPS, Box 26, Greenwich Village Post Office, New York, 10014. A sample packet of about a dozen papers is available from the same address for $4 and a Library Subscription to all UPS papers (over fifty) costs $50 for the remainder of 1968.

1 NO MORE WAR

2 NO MORE RA CISM

TENANT

3 DETERMINED RENT

4 CONSUMER DETERMINED PRICES

5 LEGALIZATION OF HALLUCINOGENS

6 SELF DETERMINATION FOR STUDENTS

7 FREE ALL POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS PRISONERS.

THE MAHARISHI AND ME

I saw Maharishi speak here January 21st and then went up to the Plaza Hotel that evening (I'd phoned for tickets to his organization and on return telephone call they invited me up, saying Maharishi wanted to see me). . . so surrounded by his disciples I sat at his feet on the floor and listened while he spoke.

At a press conference I'd not been at I heard he'd said all sorts of outlandish things like poverty was laziness and I saw "IT" (International Times, an English underground paper) his equatory communism+weakism . So after I was introduced I sat at his feet and literally started yelling at him. . . spoke for half an hour almost, challenging, arguing. . . all in good humor though his business managers and devotees gasped with horror occasionally. But I never got impolite and he stayed calm and rather sweet so no harm. He'd been discussing U.S. "dissatisfaction" as Johnson's phrase had been quoted to him earlier, so I said that specific dissatisfaction was among young people over the Vietnam war, and it was a problem troubling everyone in his audience that day, at least of the young people; that though the U.S. was as he said Creative, its creations were massively negative as Vietnam at this point and that's why the people were restless and looked for spiritual guidance from him,that he, Maharishi, hadn't covered the problem satisfactorily. He said Johnson and his secret police had more information and they knew what they were doing. I said they were a buncha dumbells and they don't know and his implicit support of authoritarianism made lots of people wonder if he wasn't some kinda CIA agent. He giggled "CIA?" His devotees began screaming so I said it was a common question so it should be proposed and they shouldn't stand around silent and fearful to speak.

Then I asked what about the draft resistant kids, going to war and murder? He said either way meditate. I asked about Hari Krishna. He said one mantra won't fit everybody. As he'd put down drugs I said there wouldn't have been any body to see him if it hadn't been for LSD. Devotees gasped. He said, well, LSD has done its thing, now forget it. Just let it drop. He said his meditation was stronger. I said excellent, if it works, why not? I said, I would be glad to try; can't do anything but good. Then he said that acid had damaged hippies' nervous systems, he had six hippies visit him in a room in LA and had to take them into the garden, they smelled so bad.

I said WHAT? you must have been reading the newspapers. He said he didn't read newspapers. I said he'd likely had a misconception from his friends (at that point, I guess I said acid hippies were the largest part of the day's audience). He insisted that hippies smelled. I must say that was tendentious. His final statement on war was he didn't want to get into that, he wanted only to emphasize meditation, meditation, meditation. I said that's fine. I'll meditate.

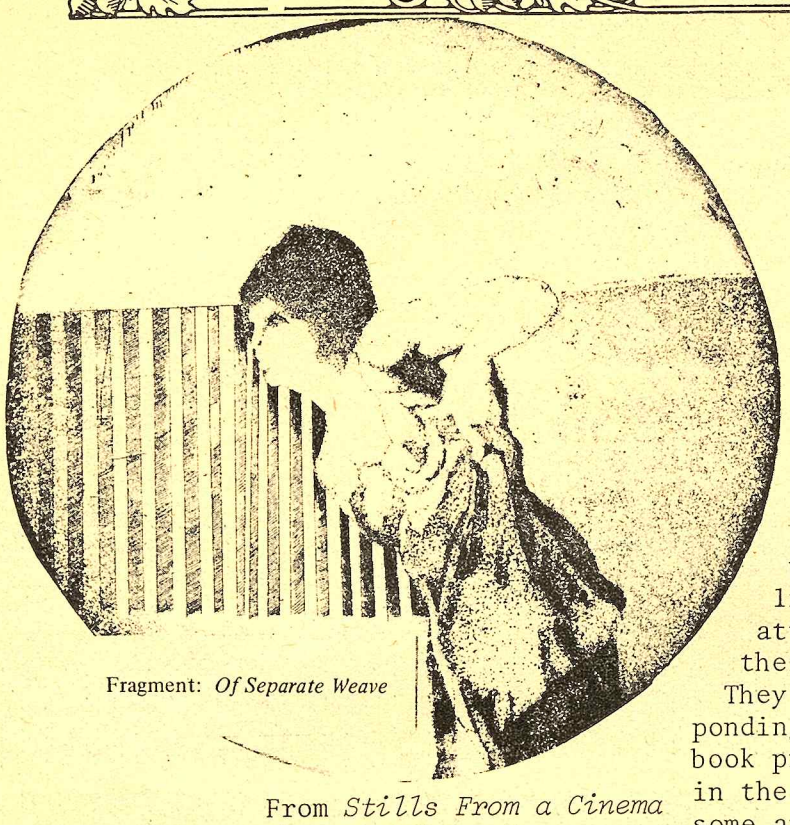
All in all I thought his political statements not so evil as dim and thoughtless, somewhat sucking up the establishment so as not to cause opposition and trouble. But judging from his business manager's voicetone--a sort of business man western square sensitive--sounds like he is surrounded by a conservative structure and he would come on unsympathetic in relation to social problems. I told him major cause U.S, youth disatisfaction was increasing military police state tendency in U.S. and spoiling everyone's normal life and feelings which I think is a statement partially accurate and something for him to consider since he makes social generalization as apparently he does.

In a sense his position is not far from Krishnamurti and Leary (though Leary has become more political recently--ed.) --stay out of politics, "avoid the authorities, get into meditation and inner peace etc." His division of the peace problem into parts. . . individuals solve their own. . . is real enough. I don't suppose he's built or required to be a social utopian structure messiah. But in as much as he does stray into political generalizations he sounds inexperienced or ignorant and unfamiliarly authoritarian.

So anyway, that's what I could come to listening and talking. He was nice to me, didn't know who I was, asked at first what I did. I said Kovie--poet. There's an element of too much mesmerized politeness at his darshans (public viewings)--a guru is someone who you should make it with,learn from, listen to, enquire--otherwise its mere "religion" which Maharishi himself puts down as failure.

The main burden that everyone should meditate half hour morning and night makes sense. His blank check claims that his special meditation form is more efficient that any other is something that I haven't tried so I can't judge. His high powered organization method of advertising meditation is getting, like Pyramid club of people meditation and massive enthusiasm application which would certainly tend to accomplish general peacefullness if it caught on massively and universally. His political statements are definitely dim-witted and a bit out of place.

a fair piece by allen ginsberg



Fragment: *Of Separate Weave*

From *Stills From a Cinema*
Robert Pero

PARALLEL STRUCTURES AND THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

Today it is a tragically clear lie when we are told that anyone can get anywhere he wants to get if he really tries hard enough. No person sensitive to the machinations of the established power structure would fall for such a lie. Unfortunately, these sensitive people are still in the minority; the majority continues to spread the lie. The tragedy is that those very people who recognize the truth about the restrictions of modern society--the deceit of the old saying--are the hardest hit when they try to work through the system of the establishment run machine. It is not surprising, then, that when rebuffed, attacked and slandered these people have revolted. They have revolted in their characteristically sensitive way--with intelligence and dedication. They have set up parallel structures: structures parallel to the corresponding structures of society--schools, magazines, universities, newspapers, book presses, arts, crafts, skills, and others-- each with its counterpart in the structure of the establishment. Some are resistance organizations, some are underground and others are spontaneous. But all have one thing in common: the knowledge that the faults of the establishment institutions have been laid bare for them to see and that rather than try to remedy these faults the creators of the parallel structures have opted to create new structures which would divest themselves of the evils of the institutionalized system and encompass the new liberal philosophy of the emerging moral man.

The Pioneer Valley displays many examples of this movement toward parallel structures. In area after area people plan together to devise a means to help other people overcome the machinations of the establishment by helping people learn to rely upon themselves and their friends rather than upon the insensitive whim of an organized money-driven engine of a capitalistic world. Here in the Valley the most widely known of these parallel structures is your very own Mother of Voices. Others in other dimensions include the Free University, the Leverett Arts Center, The Valley Peace Center, The Despa Press and The Torch. Although each differs from the others in its medium all share the goal of developing a definition of a new approach to existence and a new perspective on civilization, morality and the human condition. All feel that the needs of mankind have not beenserved through the establishment definitions.

If this trend is in truth a movement toward the eventual goal that the goals of the individual parallel structures will be assimilated by, rather than into, the existing establishment, those who espouse the doctrines of parallelism must analyze the priorities which the forms must assume. Obviously, if the masses must be reached to help spearhead this movement the media of publications should be the first to which concerned individuals will develop parallel structures. Here in the Valley the Despa Press and the Mother of Voices have so organized to try to meet this revolutionary objective.

The Despa Press has published literary works which, because of their low market potential and the relative obscurity of the authors would languish untouched by the established commercial and conservative publishing houses.

The The Ice Cream Parlor Joe Krausman and Stills from a Cinema by David Axelrod and Robert Pero, both direct their material to a radical public. The Krausman book reflects his thoughts about the frailty of the condition of modern man. Its mechanical plays show how modern man cannot exist apart from a mechanical device. In each of these plays man is abandoned by the traditional and established power structures of the civilization which crushes him. Krausman's basic pessimism commands the reader to consider the realities in the new perspective of the fatalistic powerlessness of the Krausman hero. When ideas as close to reality as those of Krausman's will go unheard and unpublished because they do not conform to establishment rules, it is time for individuals to take control and attack where eventual penetration will occur-by the use of parallel structure--the underground press.

The second Despa book, Stills From a Cinema, approaches the plight of modern man through a different literary genre. The poems found in this book range from simple statements of beauty to extended metaphors of the absurdity of man's creations. Entwined in each poem is a message of the poets indictment==and indictment which ranges from blindness to beauty, to racist stupidity. His poems imply an acceptance of beauty seen only when man allows an openness of his heart.

Structured paralell to the commercial press, except that the profit motive is absent, the Despa Press seeks to create and stimulate an atmospehre in which sensitive and socially aware artists such as Krausman and Axelrod will -ot fear the difficulties and almost sure failures which are an integral part of dealings with the established commercially oriented publishing system. The Despa Press welcomes authors who express ideas condemned by the establishment.

Introductory Villanelle

Who is the son, who's the father,
What is the ringing of a bell?
A dream's a thing that means another.

In everyone we see our brother,
Yet in between there is a veil;
Who is the son, who's the father?

You may not like to bother,
To find out what dreams can tell.
A dream's a thing that means another.

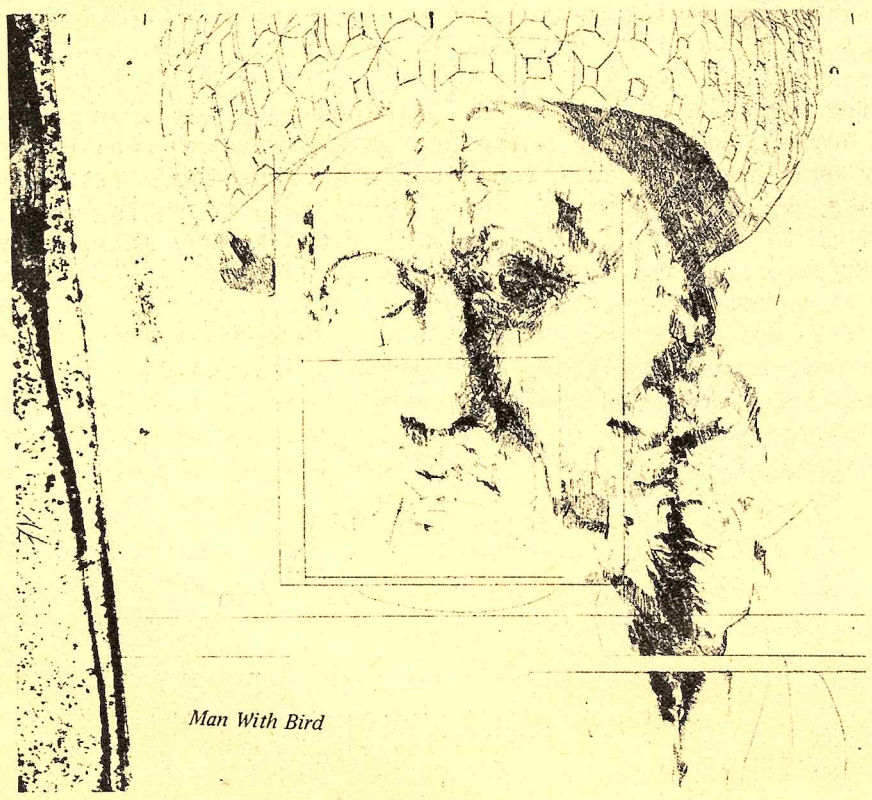
A shoe was shined with a lather,
Graduation casts a spell.
Who is the son, who's the father?

Was the principal a lover?
The play's the meaning of my Villanelle.
A dream's a thing that means another.

This is a play without a mother,
Hearken to the tolling bell.
Who is the son, who's the father?
A dream's a thing that means another.

From *Commencement Exercise*
The Ice Cream Parlor,
Joe Krausman

"TBall lived upstairs from a drug store. He held it up three times. He was a despie." Krausman



Man With Bird

From *Stills From a Cinema*
Robert Pero

THREE DETERMINATIONS

I.
There my grandfather ripened in twenty
peasant years of fear and death
dreamt of strength and land,
took his few belongings
and crossed over.

II.
There my father, taught to kill,
fought for freedom and a Jewish star,
shook death from the butcher's hand,
and built a monument to replace
the twisted cross.

III.
There my brother draws up his breath
and courage, whips across the street
amid a song of bullets, leaps the wall,
draws in breath and blows out blood
and dies, crossing over.

From *Stills From a Cinema*
by David Axelrod

JIMMY PLATO'S CULTURAL REVOLUTION

America is a wonderful country. Any Rotarian, cop or boy scout leader can tell you that. They can even tell you why it's a wonderful country. It's a wonderful country because it is so free. Freedom, they will tell you, is freedom to be, do or say whatever you want as long as you don't break any laws doing it. That's really wonderful. America is really tolerant. But what the Rotarians, cops and boy scout leaders probably can't tell you is why America is so free, so tolerant. America can afford to be. It has an unbeatable system. Business has never been better.

America is making money hand over fist and every American is involved in it. Every American is in hock up to his ears to the economy. Through the almighty American economic system he receives all necessities for physical survival and most of the necessities for psychological survival. The goal, of course, is to make every American 100% dependent on the economy. The American dream is to have every human being in the whole world depend on the American economy for every se second of his or her existence.

So America can afford to be tolerant. America can afford to let people say whatever they want, because in the end no one will listen to anyone but the spokesmen for the economy. In America anything or anyone can be tolerated so long as they are no threat to the economy. People who do threaten the economy, even indirectly, are slaughtered *without mercy* (for instance, the Vietnamese). But most Americans are in no position to threaten the economy, because without it they would starve to death. Even the ghetto black man, the biggest direct threat to the economy from within, can be easily starved or frozen into submission if they get too far out of hand.

America is full of people who hate the system. Many of them are white and call themselves radicals. Most of you who read this newspaper hate the system. Many of you call yourselves radicals committed to radical and revolutionary change in America. America tolerates you. America tolerates you because it can laugh at you. You are free because you are no threat to the system. You hate it, and you are trapped in it. You spend all your time flailing around looking desperately for a Way Out of all the shit that is your life. But as long as you live off the system there is no way out. You want to be revolutionaries, but America makes cowards of you all. Short of revolution there is no way out.

The revolutionary Way Out is to become an Indian. (What? Become an Indian! What the fuck is he talking about?) Being an Indian is the epitome of everything that America is not. The one thing America cannot tolerate in America is Indians. Indians are the only people who ever posed a serious threat to the American way of life. America could tolerate black people because they made passably good niggers. It could tolerate Russian Jewish radicals because they could be bought off eventually for the price of a house in Levittown. America can tolerate hippies because they're good market for psychedelic baubles and a great source of income for lawyers. Besides, all that money spent on dope eventually stimulates the economy. And hippies are so much fun to beat up. But Indians! They're worse than gypsies. How can you reason with an Indian?

So America paid the Indians the highest compliment it could pay any group of people: genocide. America recognized how radically different Indian culture was from American culture. America knew that there was no possibility of reconciliation: the Indians were too hip to make a good market for anything. They didn't want anything the white man had for sale except beads, and in a pinch they could make their own. The Indians were free people. Obviously there could be no question of co-existence. If America were to survive, the Indians had to go. So America invest- much time and trouble and money to wipe out the Indians and the spirit that they embodied. It was one of the smartest moves America ever made.

Unfortunately, you can't keep a good Indian down.

There is something about living in harmony with nature and your fellow man that is very appealing to people. There is something about being more concerned with your own dignity and the community of your tribe, than you are with making money, that strikes deep responsive chords in human beings, especially human beings who have no real dignity and live in a cutthroat jungle because their tribe thinks the most important thing for people to do is make as much money off each other as they can by any means they are strong enough or crafty enough to use. All you people who come on about being radicals or revolutionaries or super hippies talk that way because you have in you the same free spirit that the Indians had. What stops you from following that spirit and living the kind of life it dictates is the brainwashing America has hit you with all your life. America has convinced you that it is impossible to live as free men, because if everyone were free no one would be making deodorant and stainless steel razor blades and Mustangs and we all would die. Besides, America says, the Indians were savages and if we lived like them we would have to give up all the finer things of life that only an advanced civilization like ours can provide.

What a crock of shit. If America had ever been a place where the finer things of life flourished there would be some excuse for it, and some excuse for being an American. But there is no excuse for either because America has nev-

(continued on page 7)

WE ARE STILL LIVING IN THE OLD CENTURIES.

"Once again, as they have so many times in their agonized past, California farm workers have a union of their own. They have sustained deep into a second year a strike for recognition and union rights. They have won path-breaking collective bargaining agreements. In one immeasurably significant victory, they have captured a major citadel in the growers' open shop. The future of their brave young union, given any decent measure of help, seems bright.

Other generations of farm workers have won their strikes and written union contracts. They have counted their members in tens of thousands and spanned great sections of California's green and golden valleys. But their unions were shattered, their contracts torn up, their members scattered. Bitterly, inevitably, they were forced back into the unending competition of too many people for too few jobs, the low wages, the miserable housing, the school-less, the doctor-less, near hopeless grind of poverty."

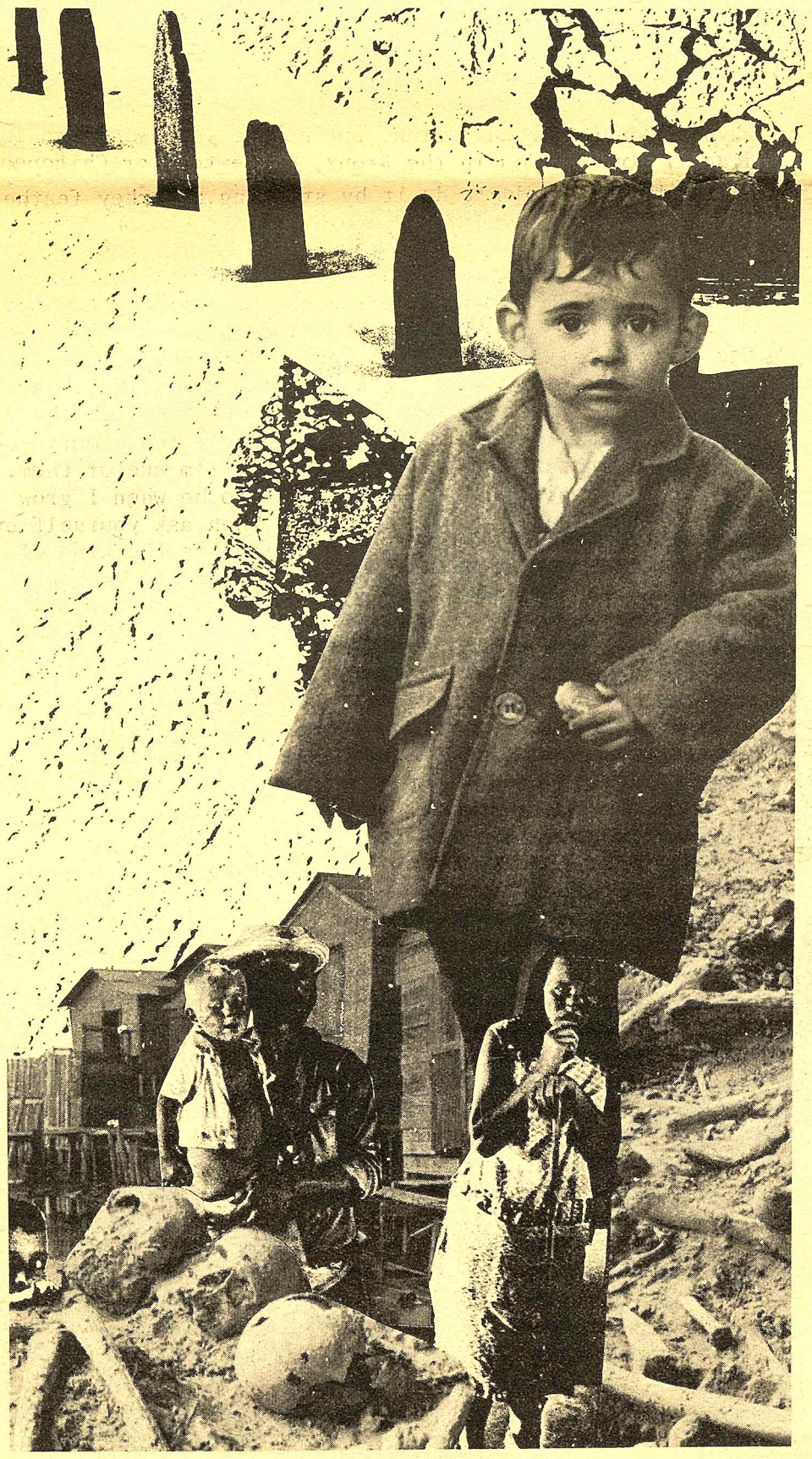
The picture of life of the farm worker in Southern California is not a pretty one at all. As in all cases where capital is found in the hands of a minority, the majority serving them must pay a stiff price--at the sacrifice of their own humanity. In order to eat and feed their families men demean themselves, paying the price of pride. In order to eat. . .

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is a newly born "union," composed of the workers themselves and led by Mr. Cesar Chavez. Its intent is the coercion by strike of the growers of Southern California for the provision of higher wages, unemployment security, fair and better housing--in short, for the provisions that the American industrialist has given his factory employees.

The organization began in 1965 at Delano, California, when a general field strike was called. The group was thereafter joined by the National Farm Workers Association. The strikers survived an arduous winter, and in the spring began the 300 mile march to the state capital, Sacramento. "The demonstration was a protest, a cry for help." And on Easter Sunday morning it was announced that Schenley, second largest of grape growers, recognized the union. This incident marks the end of an era of oppression --one grower was pressured into a review of its 30-year old policy--its workers recognized as workers, and as men.

It is May, 1968, and in the fields of Southern California live men, women, and children with no property, no money, and no education. These people are American citizens who cannot vote, for they are illiterate; who must work 15 or 16 hours a day, in season, for meager food and one-room shacks; whose welfare and governmental assistance is non-existent; but whose spirit is not dampened. The cry, "Huelga" (strike), has given hope to human beings who previously had none. Marcos Munoz is such a man. He has spent two months in Boston, supported by church groups and other charitable organizations, in an attempt to win sympathy for the cause of his people, our "brothers."

As a representative of The United Farm Workers Organization, Mr. Munoz was on the U.Mass. campus May, 1 & 2, speaking in the classes of Dr. Ryan Drum, and distributing information in the Lobby of the Student Union.



Q: Mr. Munoz, why are you here?
A: I am here asking the consumers not to buy California grapes and Giumarra potatoes so we can bring dignity and justice to the workers of Southern California.
Q: Who has come here with you?
A: My family. We are three people. We drove over 3000 miles to Boston. The reason we come to Boston is because 93% of grapes grown in California come to Massachusetts. We are trying to convince the representative for Mr. Giumarra, Israel Gilfenbain at New England Produce Market in Chelsea, to stop handling Giumarra's grapes. He is refusing to support farm workers because he's a representative from Giumarra. For these reasons we are asking all the consumers to support us by not buying products.
Q: What is it that the farm worker wants?
A: The farm worker demands union recognition [by the grower] and the ability for free elections, toilets in the fields, a medical plan, housing which has hot and cold water. They have been hauling us down for not having an education and it's pretty hard with seven children at $1.10 an hour, and we have to take our wife and children into the fields just to support ourselves.
Q: What is your hope for your children's future?
A: My hope is that my children will be able to get the education and opportunities which every American citizen requires. We feel very strong that we are still living in the old centuries, not in the century of 1968. For this reason we like people to help us to reach 1968 as an American democracy.
Q: What is the grower's reaction to your demands?
A: The grower doesn't agree for us to have a union or election, and since the union is excluded from National Labor Relations Board or minimum wage, there is no law to protect us. We would like to be able to choose.
Q: How are your men and families supporting themselves during this strike?
A: Farm worker strikers now support themselves at $5.00 per week. Support comes from churches, civic groups, and university students. This is how the United Farm Workers is able to support themselves.
Q: What are the conditions for health in the fields?
A: We see many families getting destroyed by sickness. We see children getting run over by tractors. We see children burned in houses while parents are in the fields. Many accidents happen because mother and father are working and we can't afford a babysitter.
Q: Do women have babies in clean places?
A: Women do not have clean conditions for babies to be born. Many children born in houses--where families live six in one room--and the majority of workers have children with the help of only midwife. Many children of workers born not normal, something wrong with them--we don't have the vitamins it requires. We have meat

But One Kiss Was All She Gave Me!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT— A BARRAGE?
NO, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT HER TO WASH ME OUT WITH ONE KISS, EITHER!
AFTER ALL, SALLY KNOWS I'M IN A NOSE DIVE ABOUT HER!
THEN YOU WANT TO TAKE OFF FOR YOUR DENTIST'S, BART! ANY GIRL'S GOING TO BAIL OUT WHEN A GUY HAS BREATH LIKE YOURS!
BART SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS— REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HEY! I THOUGHT YOUR ROMANCE WITH SALLY WAS GROUNDED, BART!
NOT SINCE YOU PUT ME BACK ON COURSE, CHUM!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

SERGEANT SUNSHINE

San Francisco--Recently, on the steps of the Hall of Justice, a cop with a red ribbon in his hat and an iris in his lapel took out a joint and lit up.

"I wasn't there for grass, I was lying there for a bigger thing. We're trying to start a disarmament program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

Sergeant Sunshine, "the pot-smoking cop," was sitting in his red underwear on a bare matress, discussing his pot bust. As friends wandered in and out he explained why he thinks cops shouldn't wear guns.

"They arrested my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friends get busted. So I figured to lay the whole thing out on the front steps of the Hall of Justice. But marijuana is only part of it. I'd like to stop some of this killing. There's no sense in killing something unless you can eat it. I like being a policeman. I'd still like to be one. But the police code of ethics says it is the fundamental duty of a policeman to serve mankind. You don't serve people with guns. I've never seen one on a waiter yet.

"I don't need a gun to deal with people because I'm not afraid of them. Any policeman who can't take off his gun and put a red ribbon around his hat ought to go looking for a safer occupation."

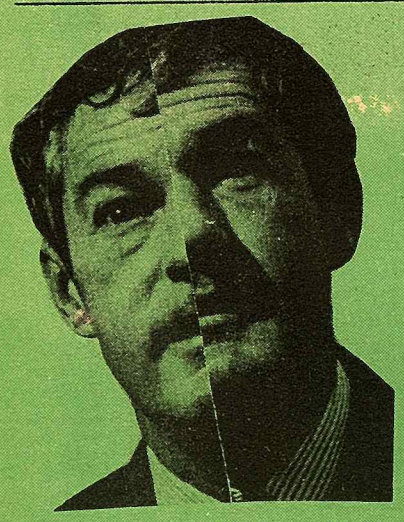
Sergeant Sunshine, known to the straight world as Sergeant Richard Bergess, spent twelve years on the San Francisco police force. Two years ago he kept some confiscated grass and tried it. He's been turning on regularly since. He explained that he liked most of the men he worked with on the force, but that most of them were uptight and frightened in their dealings with the public. Sergeant Sunshine thinks police and the public would get on better if the cops didn't wear guns.

"How come uniforms do such nasty things to people? I know amd like 90% of the police officers. How is it that I see them as nice and you see them as pricks? We need a new image. I'm hoping that there will be some policemen out there who will listen to me and say 'Hey, maybe he's right.' If there are any other cops around that have the guts they should put a ribbon on their hats and a smile on their faces and put a gun in the trunk if they feel they really need it around. But don't wear it."

Bergess didn't want to talk about the use of drugs among other policemen. He said most of what he could say would be gossip and that none of it really mattered. He doesn't believe it does any good to stress the negative, as he puts it. "Course it's all true. We all know it's true, it's not news. But it's like sitting around talking about your operations. It doesn't accomplish anything."

The conversation ebbed as Sergeant Sunshine wrapped himself in a pink blanket and complained about the Fairmont, where he spent Sunday night after his release from jail. Boyd, the best friend whose initial arrest sparked the Easter incident, sat on a table in a bright flowered shirt and striped cords and rapped. Periodically, he would urge Bergess to go to sleep. Bergess looked like he was about to drop off any minute, but didn't want to sleep yet. He followed the conversation sporadically, commenting occasionally.

"I only have one more thing to say," Bergess interrupted Boyd at one point. "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next stash they confiscate and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like pouring your best bourbon down the sink." (LNS)



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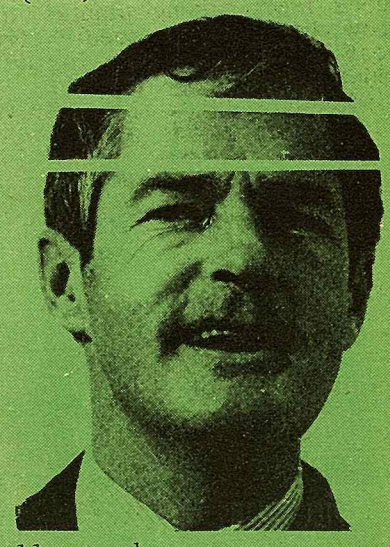


Union, N.J., April 17 (LNS)-- Dr. Timothy Leary, in a recent talk at Newark State College, denounced the war in Vietnam and urged a crowd of students to forget LSD and concentrate on "bringing the boys home." It's "silly," he said, to talk about drugs when war, violence and chaos are rampant.

Leary, facing imprisonment on narcotics charges, was convicted in Texas of possessing marijuana and sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. He has lost a court appeal, but his new "appeal" is "love, not LSD."

. . . a vangard for the revolution

One of the most significant aspects of the rapid growth of radical activity in the past few years is the continual emergence of free-swinging, communal theater groups in the U.S.

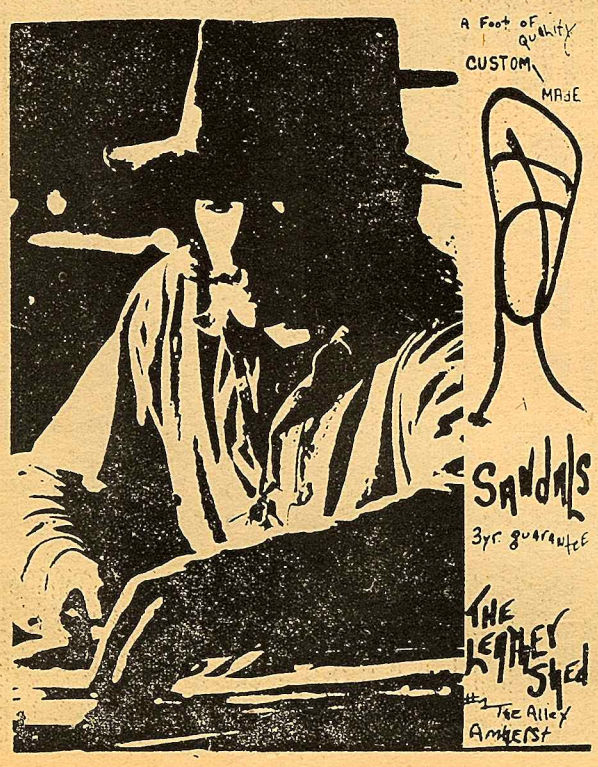
They've popped up everywhere, from California to Massachusetts as well as in New York--black troupes, white troupes, mixed ensembles, Mexican-American and Puerto Rican; permanent companies, mostly youngsters but some over 30's who have been through and are fed up with commercial theater.

There are at least seven such groups in New York alone, six in San Francisco, and dozens of others in places like Delano, California, Minneapolis, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Berkeley and Montreal. They are all politically radical and each is committed to aesthetic experimentation.

These new radical theatre groups are communal in the sense that their members (each has 10 to 30 people involved) tend to live together as well as work together, share their small takes equally (no'producers' getting 50% of the net), make and move scenery and props as well as perform and divide up the "business chores" of advertising, publicity, tickets, food and quarters.

Most important, many of them create their own plays communally--the entire company participates in the creative process. The Agit-Prop Theater of Berkeley,for instance, improvises its plays a half hour before a scheduled campus event, picking up props on the run. The groups play anywhere they can, in ghetto streets, churches, pool halls, playgrounds, lofts, theaters, union halls, laundromats, union meetings, black power conferences, peace parades. They go out and find their audiences, instead of waiting for the well-heeled to plunk down a fin in the falsely ornate decor of the bourgeoise mausoleums which the middle class calls "theaters."

Most of the new ensembles are very poor, financially speaking, but they prefer it that way. They are against the existing theater establishment, which has become "show business,"" with emphasis on the latter word, even off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway. The radical ensembles are non-union, but not necessarily anti-union (some members retain their Equity Actors' Union cards), because the theatrical craft unions have combined with the commercial producers to effect a stranglehold on free theatrical expression in the U.S.



Last week the Pageant Players from New York were in our own Valley, and if you missed them: you missed where it was happening. They came on strong, no holds barred. They told it like it is. And they did it with joy and love in their hearts.

They performed indoors and out. They have a permanent repertory of eight or nine plays (twenty to forty minutes in length). The plays are almost all about the "Rulers" and the "ruled." What happens most of the time is that the Rulers keep putting down the ruled until the ruled either drop out, fight back or take over.

In "King Con," a play about how Consolidated Edison (They own and run all the electricity of New York) continues to increase their profits and pollute the atmosphere, the Players couldn't end the piece happily. The best thing they could do is, after Con Ed had run everybody up against the wall, pass out leaflets showing how the business is run to keep the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Before coming to the Pioneer Valley, they'd been locked in Columbia for a week--performing and just generally helping out the Revolution. They take the Revolution for granted. They know it's going on because most of the time they're right in the middle of it. In the City they can be counted on to unify rallies, handle communications and transform the live action of revolt into the memory of myth.

Brothers and Sisters, we need something like that here. We need a vanguard for the Revolution.

As a result, you don't see their new techniques on Broadway, except when they play on the streets around Times Square. These techniques are not simply a matter of technical improvements, but a way of fusing form and content, mind and body, belief and action, that goes beyond Stanislavski and Brecht. The new groups are more inspired by Antonin Autaud and his concept of "theatre of cruelty," by which he meant not sadism but "rigor, implacable intention and decision, irreversible and absolute determination...a kind of severe moral purity which is not afraid to pay life the price it must be paid."

The new theatre groups are radical in their aesthetics, as well--in their use of body language and pure sound, of silency as potency, of the total space in which they play as a basic theatrical element to be totally integrated into their work.

The Boston OM (OM is a Buddhist prayer sound--many of these ensembles are deeply influenced by the perceptions of oriental religion and philosophy) Workshop Theatre, organized by Director Julie Portman last fall, has astounded staid Boston critics and audiences alike with its environmental documentary "Riot" at the Arlington "peace" church. The piece cannot be done in a theatre. It must be played in a large room with 200 chairs (not screwed-down seats). It starts as a symposium on "riots" but quickly becomes a riot, using the entire space, including walls, ceiling, floor, chairs, audience, table, etc., in which 22 actors fall, flail, loot, get shot, throw Molotov cocktails, orate like politicians and die between the audience's feet, as a strobe light flicks photo-like stills of the action that tears your heart out.

Several weeks ago, 12 of these theatre groups banded together in a nationwide coop they call the Radical Theatre Association. The idea of the Association was brought to New York by Ronnie Davis, director of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, when they came East on their cross-country tour last winter and met with the radical ensembles everywhere they went. It became clear that there was a need for a center through which increased communication could occur--to exchange ideas about the aesthetics, theory and techniques of radical theatre; to share contacts and get wider access to bookings; and, perhaps in the future, to publish a monthly radical theatre newspaper.

In the beginning of April, five of the ensembles in New York City put on the first American Radical Theatre Festival at the Washington Sqaure Methodist "peace" Church. The response to their small ads and mailed flyers was overwhelming==500 reservations phoned in, capacity crowds at the church, more and more groups calling to join the coop, schools, universities and organizations writing and calling to arrange bookings. The small volunteer staff, coordinated by Oda Juerges, couldn't handle all the requests immediately.

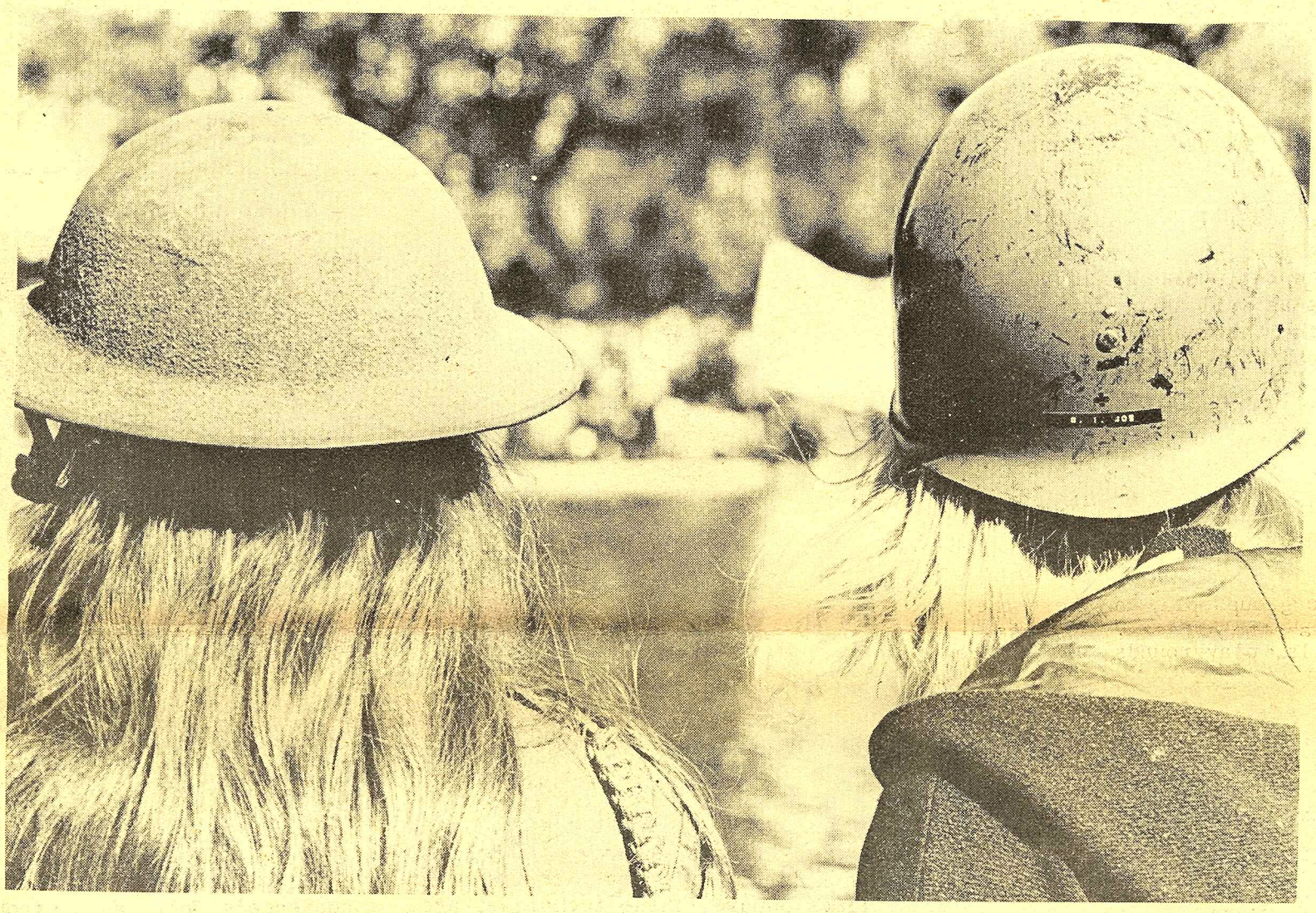
(continued on page 15)

YIPPIE

Two years ago Allen Ginsberg, writing about Berkeley Vietnam Days (LIBERATION Magazine, January 1966), began the freaking out of the peace movement with poetic advice on "how to make a march/spectacle."

> Masses of flowers-a visual spectacle-especially concentrated in the front lines. Can be used to set up barricades, to present to Hells Angels, police, politicians, and press & spectators whenever needed or at parade's end...

In October 1966, pacifists connected with WIN Magazine, inspired by the submarine boardings of CNVA's Polaris



Action project and the acid rock of the Beatles, launched a 16-foot canvas yellow submarine "filled with bread, balloons, flowers, wine & messages of love, desperation, peace and hope to all the people in the world from us."

Suddenly, the peace movement (at least the long-haired part of it) took on a new style. Demonstrators were no longer content to be mere protestors, anti-this and anti-that. With flowers, music, balloons and other gentle things they wanted to affirm a love for life, turn people on to one another, communicate their most positive feelings. From pacifists in New York came 'Flower Power," from S.D.S. anarchists in Austin, Texas came "Gentle Thursday." People were becoming more militant, but also more gentle. An Armed Forces Day parade was disrupted by direct actionists carrying bouquets of flowers. Draft card burners waved daffodils along with flaming draft cards. At Berkeley, student demonstrators climaxed a sit-in at Sproul Hall with a chorus of "Yellow Submarine."

Implicit but unstated was the analysis that the great majority of Americans were no longer open to education. Scared, uptight, their computerized minds programed to reject anything but the comfortable status quo, they were no longer susceptible to a political alternative. How to reach these people? Open them up to new ideas? Not by shattering their ears (already shut) with political slogans (no matter how correct). But (perhaps) by confusing them in gentle ways, juggling their symbols, short-circuiting their computers (blowing their minds), creating situations where new information is needed to explain a new social order, which the old data just can't do.

During this same period the psychedelic community began to emerge in the underground press. Soon hippies were everywhere and things began to happen fast: Be-ins, love-ins, painted faces (the American Indian as a cultural hero), bells, beads, Hindu mantras. A cult of gentleness, strangers reaching out to one another as lovers. Pot, acid (but also speed), smoke-ins, diggers, provos -- a summer of love in Haight-Ashbury and on the Lower East Side. Thousands of teenagers on the road in quest of new values and the possibility of love.

The hippies were the creation of the mass media, but it wasn't certain who was exploiting whom. Everytime Tim Leary appeared on TV to urge listeners to "turn on, tune in, drop out," hundreds of people turned off the TV and took his advice. Hippies learned to manipulate the media (as the political peace movement hasn't) and use it to organize young people around communitarian values. Free food, free love, they declared. And when some diggers tossed free dollar bills onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange the kids got the point, even if no one else understood.

Gradually, the peace and psychedelic movements found common ground. (Got their heads together, as it were). Movement activists began taking leadership roles in hippy communities and like good SNCC workers began organizing affluent white teenagers around issues that concerned them most. (Of course there are some hold-outs: Political ideologues who are convinced that flowers are counterrevolutionary and heads who believe that politics are part and parcel of a corrupt past). The psychedelic community was beginning to understand that if it was going to noncooperate with unjust narcotic laws, it was going to have to organize politically for self-protection and to change the laws.

But within eight months the hippies had become a marketable commodity to be consumed and wasted by a mindless, devouring public. Moving fast, the ' Haight-Ashbury community declared the "Death of the Hippie" (with an appropriate media-attracting ceremony) and the birth of "free people." A more accurate description, free people, for as children of an affluent and post-industrial society, they could explore the full range of possibilities inherent in being free, in being personally liberated. No longer would they accept the coercion and channeling procedures of an authoritarian, inhuman society. Instead, they would "do their thing."

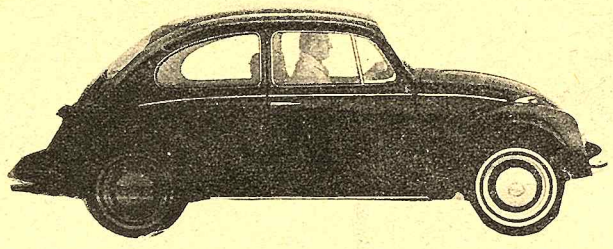
The free people do not relate directly to either the Vietnamese or the black revolutionaries. They are the tail of no one's revolution. As white, middle-class Americans who have already won their political and cultural independence, they now struggle for personal liberation. Theirs is a revolution for quality, not power. They have adapted their revolutionary style to meet their particular needs, understanding that as they change the life-style of white America they contribute to the cause of revolution throughout the world.

This summer, along with much of the Left, thousands of young people and free people will be in Chicago for the National Death Convention. They will be there as "yippies," members of the Youth International Party. Should this freaky festival of youth come off as the planners only half intend, it will offend, shock, scare and confuse a lot of people, in and out of the Movement. But incumbent in its spirit, its theatre, its antics and its dress is the potential for an alternative -- the possibility of a new and more human life-style. The revolution is now, say the yippies; we need only begin to live it.

---Martin Jezer (LNS)
from LIBERATION Magazine

UNSOLICITED INSANITY

LETTERS AND STUFF



OLD SAM is right again--the drug scene, Pioneer Valley style if not nationally, has changed. There is more dope than lemonade on the scene. Question is, for better or for worse? Before the deluge, dope was for them that wanted it, felt it, experimented with it; and also did poetry, physics and flowers. Now dope is for tricks, and trix are for kids. Drugs are for people who know how and why to use them; dope is for Americans: just another part of the national cop-out. How's your head? I'm doing my thing. These used to be metaphors. Heads changed some of the time. Thought was involved. Now nothing. America. Non-think, the cult of. Guerilla theatre is an important thing. How many are interested? No jam sessions, no arguments, no poetry readings, just stone your head and worry when the prices will go down again. And it's not just grass or hash, the abuse of which have been going on for years, just like wine and whiskey. It's now acid, perhaps the most beautiful thing to happen since before childhood was revoked in favor of progressive schools.

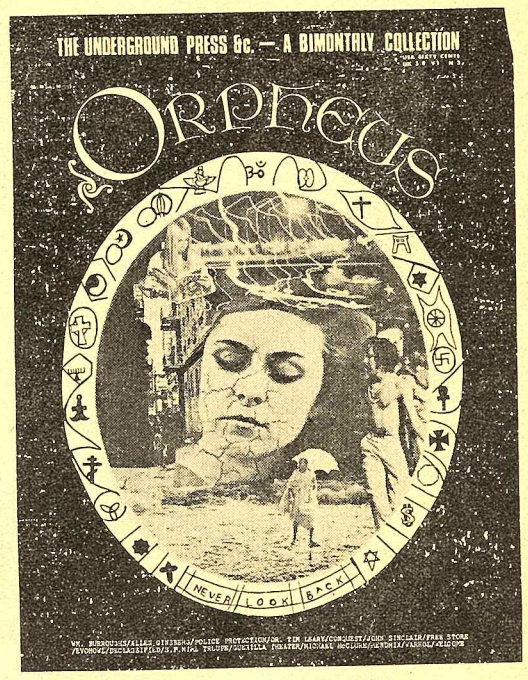
Understand me, I'm not into Donovan, and I don't mean to preach more than is necessary. Acid is beautiful stuff, but only if the trip takes you somewhere, and only if you are interewted where that somewhere is. Otherwise, its just a cheap and more powerful drunk. Nor is there anything wrong with getting drunk. It just makes you sloppy and unable to use your hear. Nor is there anything wrong with grass. Ask the Viet Cong. They sell it cheap to the Americans. Then they kill them. And who can blame them? And who can blame the G.I.'s? It's a terrible world over there; surely a little more tolerable when stoned. But we in the Valley haven't got that far yet. We get stoned so that we don't have to face spring and books and other people. Face it, nine out of ten people who get stoned do so to be sociable. Why not join a political party and help elect another fascist President? Sure it's a little harder, but think of the rewards: no more hassles from the cops, you get to read Time instead of Cheetah (come to think of it, what is the difference?) and you can stop trying to puzzle out the meanings of the articles in the Mother and go to the editorial section of the New York Times where there are no meanings. And exchange Stockhausen for Montovani, the Cream for Motown, that is if you haven't done so already. For music means nothing, poetry means nothing, in a world where the only aesthetic principle is "it blows my mind."

But already I am sick of bitching. God knows, drugs are not a bad thing, people are the only bad things in the world; everything else is merely neutral--here for us to use. So, by all means, from Frat Row to the Orchard, from Smith to Amherst, all over the fucking valley, light a joint for Jesus. And feed your head, but for your own sake, use that head to think with while you are doing it.

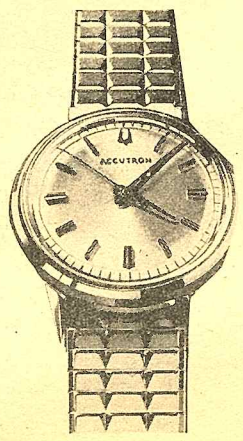
ORPHEUS, a magazine collection of underground articles and material, has released their first national issue. The magazine contains articles by and about leading figures of the underground culture, including William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Timothy Leary, Chester Anderson, Michael McClure, Jimi Hendrix, Andy Warhol, John Sinclair, Allen Cohen, and others.

The magazine is intended to countervail the Establishment national-international magazines and to supplement the activity of the more than 200 underground newspapers in the United States and other countries. The magazine is published from mobile guerilla headquarters in a converted school bus, with home base headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona.

ORPHEUS was delayed by the usual trouble with printers. A suit for a token $499 was filed in court in Arizona on March 25 against one printer. Two further suits are probable against other printers. A formal request that the affair be investigated was also sent to the State Attorney General's office.



On sale at your local source. 2 most recent issues for $1 from Orpheus, Box 1832, Phoenix, Ariz. It may be hard to find, but it's worth it.



A recent assassination brought to mind Joan Baez' most quotable quote, "The only way to stop killing is to stop killing." The most logical way of attaining this non-violent state is to kill everyone who desires to kill anyone. The questions then are to determine who the potential killers are, how they should be eliminated, and who should do the eliminating.

Those who abhor violence and actively seek to improve society have the responsibility to take the initiative. Each of us knows a number of people of violent nature; people who have not yet reached the state of realization that the only way to stop killing is to stop killing. Should those of us sit back and wait for these unenlightened latent homicidals to commit their crimes on us? Obviously not. The solution is to rid the world of these omnipresent malevolents. Those who are actively dedicated to non-violence should buy their favorite weapon (unless they already have one) and use it expeditiously. This is a foolproof method of killing the killers and attaining the non-violent state.

--Ron Harvey.

The next annual edition of the Travelers' Directory is now being compiled in New York City for publication this June. The privately-printed, non-profit, pocket-sized book lists the names, addresses and interests of hip, literate, active individuals, living throughout the United States and around the world, who enjoy meeting their counterparts wherever they go. Kindred spirits who would like to be listed in the forthcoming edition, and then receive a copy, may write before May 15th to Travelers' Directory, 51-02 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, for free details and listing forms.

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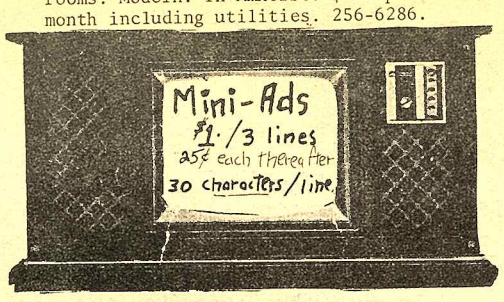

At last! The Complete Psychedelic Lighting Manual! Make your own strobes, light machines, color organs, black lite, etc. Send $2.00 to LIGHTRAYS, Box. 8223V, Philadelphia, Pa, 19101.

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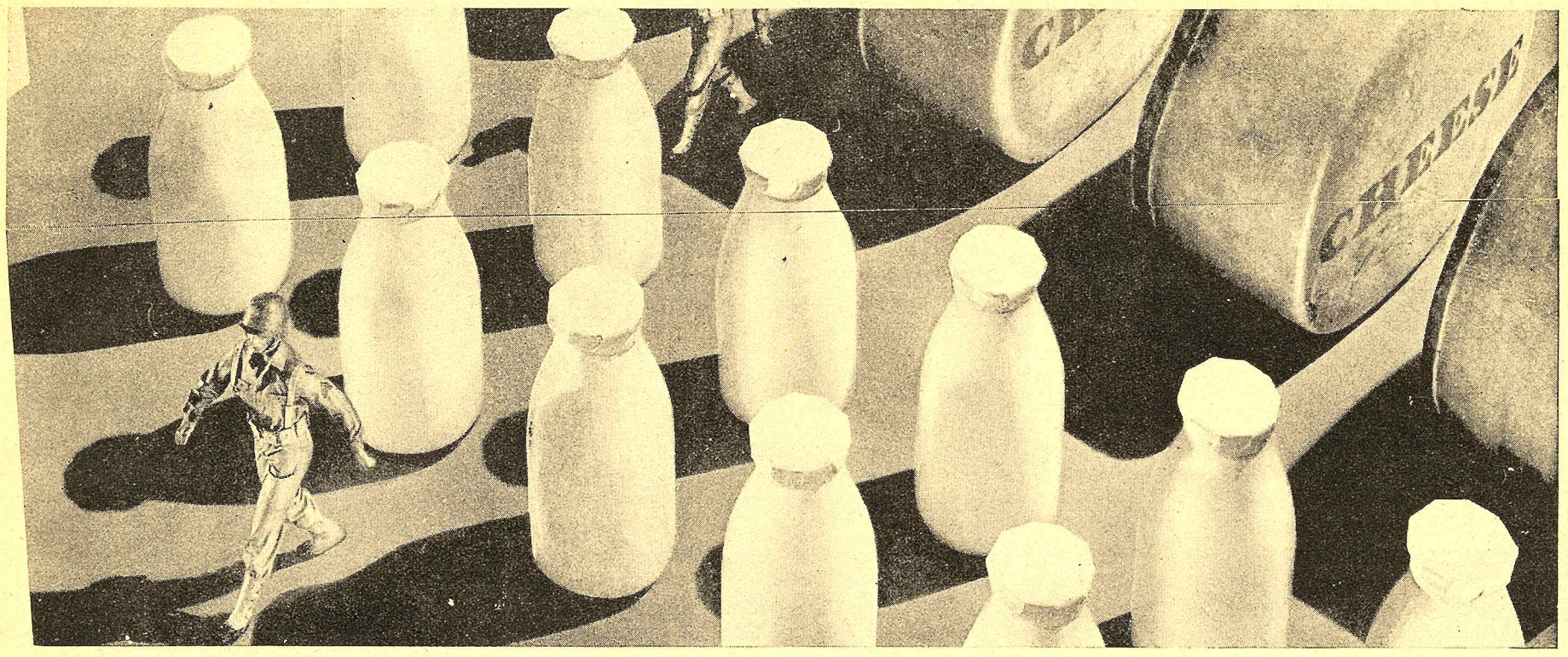
True Story

One day
me and my brother
lined graham crackers
all up and down
our street.
And then we took off
our clothes
and stamped up
and down the
street. We smashed
all the graham crackers
and all the time we
were singing in our
little-kids' voices,
"Old MacDonald had a penis,
Ee-I, Ee-I Oh..." Salty



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A SELECTIVE DIS-SERVICE

by A REVOLUTIONARY DRAFT COUNSELOR

(from RAT)

CITIZENS! A situation of grave danger now confronts the local draft boards in our area. Their very existence has been called into question, and hence the continuation of our war against aggression in Southeast Asia. We call upon all of you --left, center and right--to help put an end to this danger and to restore Law and Order before this spark becomes a conflagration which engulfs the entire country.

THE SITUATION IS THIS: For the last few weeks, unscrupulous anarchists have bombarded their local draft boards with all sorts of CRANK MAIL. For example, magazine subscriptions have been taken out in the names (and office addresses) of the CLERKS, who, as everyone knows, actually run the boards. (The clerk's names are available just by looking at one's draft card.) These romantic revolutionaries have taken to haunting magazine racks and stealthily pulling out the POSTAGE PAID, BILL ME LATER POSTCARDS from the innards of the magazines. They then check a costly subscription (usually for three years) and send it to the local clerk BILLING HER IN HER OWN NAME. This has naturally resulted in the loss of many manpower hours as the harried clerks have had to send back the magazines and a note, or else contend with the credit departments' harassment. (There are some reports that the clerks are actually reading the magazines as they come in, leading to further waste.) And this is not to mention the MERCHANDISE and JUNK that has to be sent back to BOOK CLUBS, RECORD CLUBS and STAMP APPROVAL COMPANIES (found in almost any comic book) and, upon a closer examination of MATCHBOOK COVERS, unlimited amount of junk mail is found. Now that the NAMES OF LOCAL BOARD MEMBERS have become readily available we can expect them to come under attack too. Some have even stated that THEY WILL QUIT if they should start to receive such harrassment. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A SERIOUS SITUATION. But far, far worse than this is the PHONY LETTER WRITTING CAMPAIGN.

The unscrupulous terrorists have gone so far as to write counterfeit letters to the local draft boards. They have purposely varied the stationary used, as well as the style, pens, penmanship and even typewriters. In neighborhoods with large Spanish speaking American elements, they have even written to the boards in incomprehensible Spanish or equally incomprehensible English. Some letters bear fictitious names; others, however, bear the ACTUAL NAMES AND ADRESSES of residents. These are either found the PHONE BOOK, HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOKS, LOCAL COLLEGE DIRECTORIES or the LOCAL BOARDS THEMSELVES, where every month a list of all the registrants and their classifications must (by law) be posted in public view. And even SS (Selective Security) numbers are fabricated, resembling those used by the local boards. (This is easily done, since the number is little more than a simple indication of birthdate and board number:

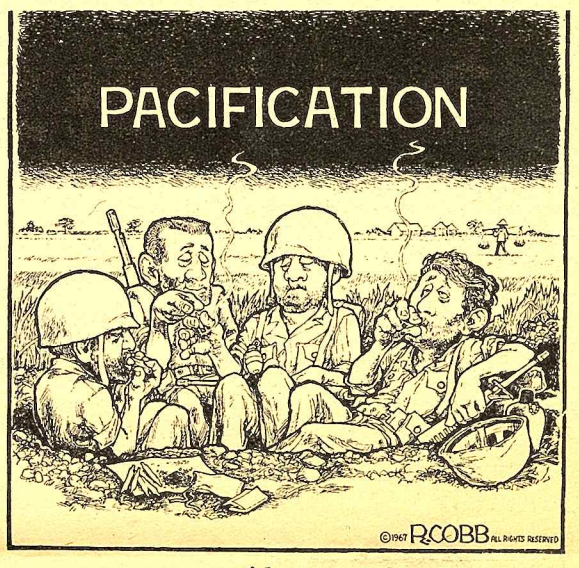
50 40 47 326

STATE (50=NYC)	BOARD #	YR. OF BIRTH	# IN THAT YEAR (OLDEST FIRST)

But although the board requests that all correspondence come with the writer's number, in actuality many forget to enclose it. This makes it impossible for the board's clerks to automatically reject those letters which don't have numbers on them. And those which bear phony numbers have to be processed up to the point that the clerk actually pulls out the file and realizes the ruse. What is more, certain letters obviously do not require a Selective Security number: for example, those of the brave young men who are writting to report that they are now old enough to serve their country, or, sending in girls' names and just using the first letter of their last names.

THE SUBJECT MATTER of the letters usually duplicates the authentic letters received every day by the draft boards. Thus, some of them are, as already mentioned, from young men requesting registration. Others request a CHANGE IN CLASSIFICATION. This can be done for numerous reasons; some, noting the stern warning on the back of their draft cards, write merely to inform the boards of a change in health, job, school, wife, etc.. Yet others request CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR (150) forms. Others are from irate wives and parents...and so on. The variation in letters is far too great to enumerate.

Since the draft boards are the main source of manpower for the



army, we can easily see the REAL DANGER POSED BY DETERMINED ACTIVISTS. What makes it even simpler for these agitators is that draft boards' phone numbers and adresses are available in any phone book under U.S. Government...Selective Service System.

Even though the harrassment has so far been on a relativly small scale, it is obvious that the situation could get MUCH, MUCH WORSE. In one board the clerk is reportedly close to QUITTING--an act which would plung the board into dismal chaos.

If a small group of people, of any age or sex, meeting periodically in the safety of their own homes, can almost CLOSE DOWN THEIR LOCAL DRAFT BOARD, imagine what would happin if certain destruction-minded groups (such as SDS, PL, SWP, PFP, DuBois, YSA, etc.) took up this idea.

Therefore, we appeal to all right-thinking citizens to become aware of just how perilously VULNERABLE our our under-staffed and bureaucratic draft boards really are. Even today, a simple request by an honest citizen may take months to process.

And now that our generals and leaders need hundreds of thousands of young men to defend freedom abroad, we feel it is the sacred duty of every one of us to give the local draft boards everything they need--and deserve--right here at home. Thank you.

--COP OUT--Committee of
Patriotic Oraganizations
to Undercover Terrorism.

P.S. One way we might be able to apprehend these culprits is to check the handwritting against that of the local boards they send them to --except if these people send to boards other than their own.

DODGE FEVER

With all the discussion on draft resistance, with all the articles on emigration to Canada, with all the debate over the whole selective service system, no one seems to be talking about plain old-fashioned draft dodging. Ex cept good ol' Tuli Kupferberger, who- with Robert Bashlow- wrote an amazing book called, 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft (which you should be reading now instead of this article.) But though draft dodging is not talked about much in public, it's one of the most common topics of conversation among young people today. You cannot go anywhere without hearing a discussion on the draft-- and specifically ways to get out of it.

This doesn't mean that a lot of guys are just looking for easy ways to cop out. Nor does it mean that all these guys are trying to escape conscription just on the basis of conscience. But rather it means both--(That is many are really pissed off and know that when it comes down to it, thay won't go.) Of course large numbers are joining the reserves or the navy, some are getting deferments from schools or from teaching or the Peace Corps, and even more are going when they are called. But now with the draft calls up, with graduate deferments gone, with so many guys out of school, draft dodging becomes a very important means of survival.

The way most people dodge the draft is by being rejected at the pre-induction physical, though there are a few lucky ones whose draft boards ate gullible enough to reject them without a physical. But whether one is rejected with or without a physical exam, the first step is almost always getting a letter.

When the bus unloads draftees at a pre-induction center--like Boston Army Base or Springfield Examining Station--practically everyone has a letter which clearly explains why he cannot possibly serve in the armed forces. The letter can be from anyone who might sound convincing enough--but someone inevitably brings a letter from his mother or Aunt Emma. But the letter is super-important--it is the key to a personal interview, which is usually the way to get out. That is, with fifty men in the induction center it is hard to get to say much to the doctors without a decent letter. The letter must not only look and sound legitimate, it must contain convincing documentation of an illness.

It has been said by many people, including Burke Marshall, named by President Johnson as head of the National Advisory Commission on the draft, that anyone with the will, means, and intelligence can beat the draft. Well-- there are many young men who are finding this out for themselves. What they do is decide which of the many possibilities for getting out best applies to them, and then follow through. And there are a multitude of possibilities.

There are all kinds of psychological and physiological disabilities which the army finds unacceptable. Some are fakeable, some are not. For example, you cannot serve in the army with webbed feet, missing limbs, or polio. But also they won't take you if your eyes are super-bad or if you have a bad knee or bad ears or a dangerous heart murmur or asthma or a bad back or three testicles. But quite obviously some of these are pretty hard to fake--and a letter becomes all the more important. But regardless of the difficulty, it is quite possible to use any one of these disabilities to get out.

Undoubtably the easiest, most reliable, and most effective area is psychological. This can involve anything from homosexuality to drugs to insomnia to bed-wetting to depression to pure insanity. In fact, to be most certain, list all of these. It should be remembered that to get out on psychological grounds, usually you must see an Army psychiatrist. This can be done by checking off the right things on the questionnaire, such as drugs and/or depression, or by presenting a convincing letter, or by just acting strange (doing something unusual at the pre-induction physical will inevitably throw all the doctors and medics and examiners into a frenzy--expecially doing something against which they do not know how to react.) Again--add all of these together, with help. If it works, you will be told to see the shrink the following week. Basically what you must do is convince the shrink that you are not suitable for the armed forces. And again, the best way to do this is to act strange, so strange that he does not know how to react.

Tuli Kupferberger's book is just full of insane things you can do to convince any shrink:

133: Tell the psychiatrist that FBI men are looking for secret messages in your feces.

134: Wear a large brassiere around your waist.

135: Offer the psychiatrist $2.00 if he will alow you to perform an unnatural act on his person.

Or think up your own. Remember, they've probably read the book, too, and besides, if you overdo it, they might know. Be subtle, like throw up or cry or leave your fly open or tell the shrink where it's at. Even better, ask him questions: "How do you like your job (or your wife or your dog or your mother?)" "Why do you keep looking at me like that?"

Though the psychological is undoubtably the best and the physical is the commonest, there are still a few other way, like the political. This has become quite difficult lately, as the Selective Service is now taking a no-nonsense approach. It is still possible to be politically undesirable, of course, but not just by creating a scene at the draft board (like leafletting or a speech). Nowadays you must have a record of radical activity (and not just SDS). This can be done, of course, by getting your name on the wrong (or right) lists, and then checking some of the ones on the Attorney General's lists which you must sign. Check, for example, that you once corresponded with and/or sent money to the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade or Hungarian Peasants Club. It may not get you out, but it will really throw them off (and take a few months to run a security check.)

But to each his own. It clearly is possible for any middle-class American male to get out of the Draft. And though this won't stop the War or the draft or the racism, it's better than jail.

by Steve Krinsky 4-F

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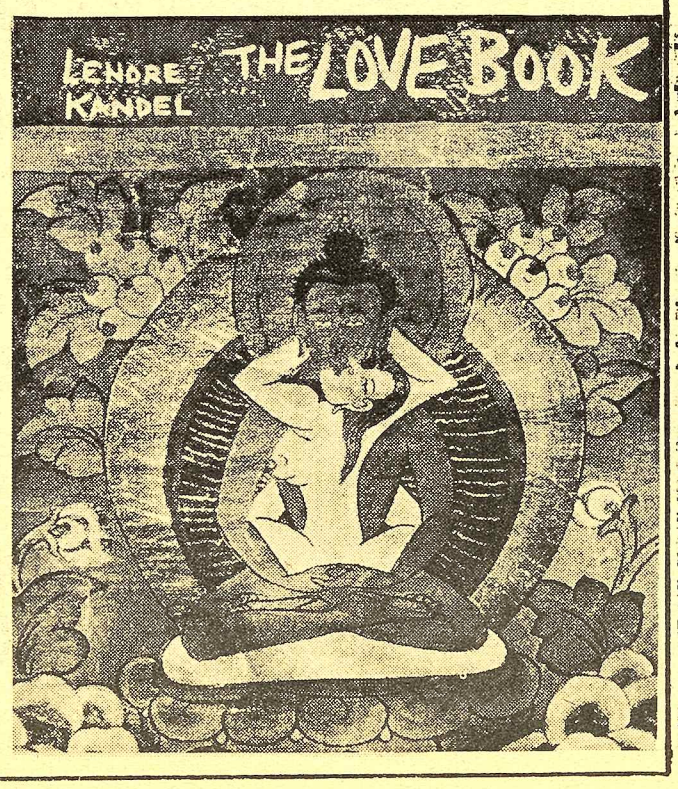

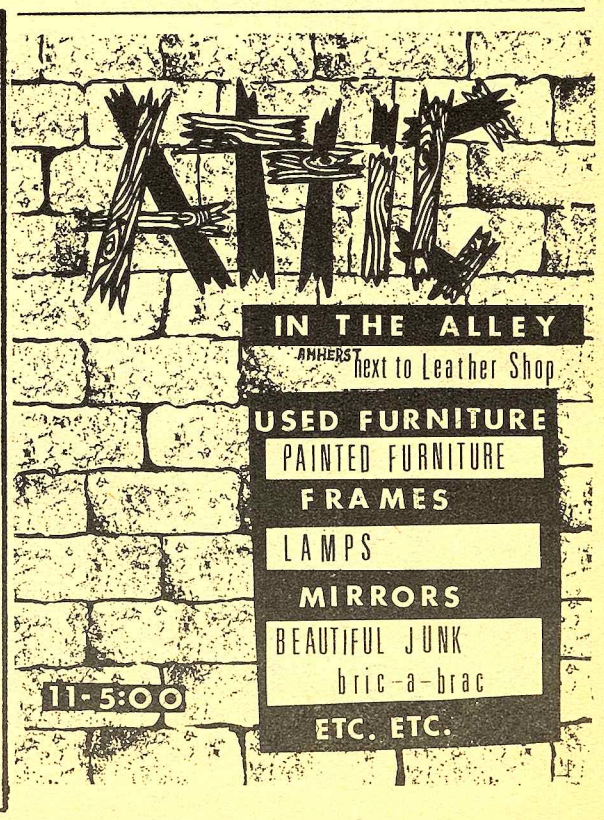

EVER WATCH BULLDIKERS PERFORM?

NEW YORK, (LNS) -- The following is the full text of a questionnaire smuggled out of the Whitehall Induction Center in New York City and given to Liberation News Service by a young man who admitted to "homosexual tendencies" at his pre-induction physical. The questionnaire, according to Maj. D. M. Hazard of the U. S. Army, is a worksheet prepared by the psychiatrists to "get a lot of answers and save time," because there are usually five to twenty people waiting to see the psychiatrist at any given time. He said the questionnaire would not become a part of any file. At the Pentagon, Col. Harold Alabaster of the public information office said that the questionnaire was not an official Defense Department publication, but "there is nothing to prevent a local examining officer from using such a form." The questionnaire is mimeographed and bears no identifying marks or name. LNS attempted to obtain the names of the psychiatrists involved in order to speak to them directly, but a spokesman for the Army at Whitehall said this would not be possible.

TO BE FILLED OUT BY EXAMINEE: DATE:_____

NAME:_____

1. Age_____ Race _____ Nationality _____ Education_____

2. Employed as_____ Wages_____ Use Narcotics_____ How Often_____

3. Arrested for_____ Started homo relations at age of_____

4. With whom_____ Age of other person_____ Where_____

5. Any relations with females_____ Do you like it_____ General impressions of the female sex_____

6. How and where do you look for partners_____

7. Are you active or passive_____ Does your family know of your condition_____ How often do you practice homosexuality_____

8. Do you ever pay for it_____ Get paid_____ How much_____

9. Any special friends_____ Do you consider yourself married_____

10. Ever attend drag parties _____ Do you like them_____ When was your last act_____ Do you impersonate women_____

11. Ever perform the homo act before an audience_____ Under what circumstances_____ Use make-up_____ Wear feminine underwear_____ Ever watch bulldikers perform_____ What reaction if any_____

12. Any venereal disease_____ How long were you treated_____ Do you allow yourself to be picked up_____ Do you pick people up_____ Where_____

13. Do you masturbate_____ How frequently_____ Mutual_____

14. What type of individual do you prefer_____ Do you feel that you are normal_____ Do you think that you will ever change or get married_____ Are you happy_____

15. What do you think is the reason for your condition_____

16. Did you ever consider psychiatric help for a change in your sexual attitude_____

TURN YOUR HEAD

(cont. from page 10)

And of course the establishment media--TV, magazines, newspapers, radio--began to move in. The danger of "engulfment" is already there, becoming another entertainment commodity, new because radical. Both the agency and the groups are determined to resist such engulfment.

The current member groups (there are now 15) include, in addition to the Boston OM Workshop and the San Francisco Mime Troupe:

The Open Theatre, directed by Joe Chaiken (New York City)

The Bread and Puppet Theatre, directed by Peter Schumann (NYC)

The Pageant Players, the well-known New York street-theatre group

The Performance Group, directed by Peter Schechner (NYC)

The Gut Theatre of East Harlem, directed by Enrique Vargas

El Teatro Campesino of Delano, California, directed by Luis Valdez, formerly associated with Cesar Chavez' farm workers' union, but now independent.

The Firehouse Theatre of Minneapolis, directed by Sidney S. Walter

The Black Troupe, directed by another Harlem playwright Ed Bullins

Concept East of New York, another black ensemble, directed by Woody King

The Daytop Theatre Company of Staten Island, a theatre organized by the community of ex-narcotic addicts interested in social change and revolution

The Caravan Theatre in Cambridge

Playhouse of the Ridiculous (NYC)

The Association plans for the coming months include a benefit for the Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers, another benefit for the Association, and probably some theatre pieces at the Chicago Convention in August.

Further information about the Radical Theatre Association or any of its member groups may be obtained from the Radical Theatre Association, c/o The Drama Review, 32 Washington Place, NYC 10003; telephones 598-2596 and 777-1068

by Saul Gottlieb & LNS
The Guardian

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